

A GREAT RAZOR SALE

MAIL ORDERS FILLED
\$2.50 AND \$3.00 IMPORTED RAZORS 97¢

Good Fine Imported Razors will be placed on sale at 97¢ each. These razors are from one of the leading importers of razors in the United States. The M. I. Brand Cutlery Co. of New York. They are all high grade samples. We secured a big stock at a ridiculous figure. The assortment comprises all the well known makes, including the "Wade & Butcher," "Brandt," "X.L.," "Rogers," "Watschell," "Pine Razor," "Remitt," "Lewis," "Blue Steel," popular brands of all the famous makers. In fact we have been selling the same identical razors as high as \$4.50 and \$5.00 each. Every razor is guaranteed perfect, and set ready for use. Every razor sold that does not give perfect satisfaction can be exchanged.

\$2.00 BRANDT SELF-HONING RAZOR STROPS 97¢

The Brandt Self-Honing Razor Strop is the best razor strop on the market today. The only razor strop in the world that hones and strops your razor at the same time and enables you to obtain an edge which only an experienced barber can give. The Brandt Self-Honing Razor Strop will put a keener edge on a razor with fewer strokes than any other razor strop. Your razor will show, and your face will feel the difference at once. Guaranteed never to become hard or glossy. Sold and advertised everywhere at \$2.00. Our price during this sale 97¢ each.

\$2.00 Brandt Safety Razors 97¢

For men who cannot use a straight razor, we have placed on sale the celebrated Brandt Safety Razors. They come with a blade made of the finest Sheffield steel, which is full hollow ground. The Brandt blade will last a lifetime and can be honed and stropped same as an ordinary razor. Fully guaranteed. The regular price of this razor is \$2.00. During this sale we will sell them at 97¢ each.

THE HINDLE PHARMACY (Inc.)
WM. P. HINDLE, Pharmacist
987 MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

\$2.00 Razor Hones 97¢

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DETECTIVE TELEPHONE 963

EAGLE NATIONAL DETECTIVE AGENCY,
OFFICES CONN. NAT'L BANK BLDG. 1022 MAIN STREET.
Axel Johnson Superintendent.

We watch while others sleep
Have you watched us grow?

We beg to notify that we are prepared to undertake all legitimate Detective work. Our staff of male and female operators are all well trained and fully reliable. Let us protect your property and valuables while you're away on your vacation. Our success in the past is our best recommendation.

New Made Spring Butter, fresh from the churn
28c PER POUND
THE PEOPLE'S DAIRY, 130 State St.
Telephone—GEO. A. ROBERTSON—589

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and get your coal troubles off your mind. It's the most convenient, most economical, most satisfactory course to follow. Why not figure out your requirements today, and give us your order?

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Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, and RETAIL
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HIGH GRADE LEHIGH COAL
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just installed, and we invite customers to call at our yard and see it in operation. Coal is advancing in price each month at wholesale and must soon advance at retail.

DO NOT DELAY ORDERING

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Let the public know what you have to sell, through the columns of the "Farmer." The cost is small and the method effective.

Want Ads Cent a Word.



VIA WIRELESS

Novelized by Thompson Buchanan From the
Successful Play of the Same Name

By WINCHELL SMITH, FREDERIC THOMPSON and PAUL ARMSTRONG

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(Continued.)

"Of course, Mr. Sommers," she began sarcastically, "if the navy men are so selfish that they're not willing to give a girl a chance to show the stuff she's made of, if they're afraid to take any sort of plunge except a plunge for glory, why, they must expect to receive the reward that comes to the men who won't try—the reward of failure. If I were a man—her voice took on color of strength and boldness—"whether I were in the navy or whether I owned a continent, I would not let any foolish selfishness of my own keep me from attempting to get anything I wanted."

"Frances!" The man whirled suddenly, catching her two hands. "You mean it?"

She looked up at him, happy and quite unafraid.

"Yes," she said, "of course I mean it." And her eyes invited him.

Impulsively the man leaned toward her. Then, as their faces almost seemed to touch, a cold, hard voice seemed to cut them apart.

"Ah! Good evening! I thought it was you two up here."

Angry, embarrassed, the navy lieutenant stepped back. The girl, with a woman's power of self control, seemed quite unmoved.

"Oh!" she cried gayly. "Is that you, Edward? Lieutenant Sommers and I were just talking of you. He says you're a lucky dog."

The marriage of Frances Durant and Edward Pinckney had been so long anticipated by all who knew them that the announcement of their engagement would have been received with a feeling of general relief.

In the minds of their friends it would have straightened out an awkward situation. Under present circumstances their friends did not know just how to take them. For more than a year it had been generally understood they would some time marry, but the members of the set in which they moved had waited anxiously, but in vain, for some definite sign. It was generally taken for granted that Mr. Durant did not object, and Mrs. Durant was openly in favor of the match.

Frances herself was the stumbling block. Time after time her intimates tried to find out, but each time, with perfect good humor, but with complete thoroughness, she blocked every attempt. Finally, their curiosity blocked, the solicitous friends had decided to take the situation for granted, and so they had with perfect faith spread the report that as soon as Frances had reached her majority the couple were to be married. Even the people about the steel works had come to look at the matter in the same light. The men understood that the general manager was some day going to marry the daughter of the boss, and that made them treat him with more respect, for not only was he the manager, with power greater than most supervising managers had, but he was also expected to own the works some day himself.

Pinckney, too, was particularly careful not to contradict the general impression. He knew the influence it gave him, and also he was so tremendously ambitious and so anxious to bring the marriage about that he really believed it would be. And even an enemy must have admitted there was every reason for him to hope.

The son of a friend, George Durant, who had committed suicide after ruining himself on Wall street, Edward Pinckney when a mere boy had been taken into the household of the steel millionaire. Durant had sent the boy to the best schools in the country. Boy though he was, Pinckney had appreciated the opportunity given him. He had studied hard, finally graduating from one of the best institutions at the top of his class. Then his benefactor had promised him immediately on the works. Durant had no son, and to him Edward Pinckney, with his inborn tact, his aggressiveness and his splendid mind, seemed just the kind of son he would have liked to have.

CHAPTER II
THE SCHEME.

THE big steel man was too busy with his great enterprises and his various future schemes to really study the boy. Had he studied him he would have seen not to have found out that Pinckney's aggressiveness was not backed by downright courage and that his faithfulness to his studies and his loyalty to his family were due wholly to selfish ambitions and not at all to gratitude or love to his benefactor. As for Mrs. Durant, it had not been hard for Pinckney to fool her; good looking, manly in appearance and with his ingratiating manners, he had completely and easily won the heart of the woman.

Like many other busy men, Durant depended to a great extent upon his wife's opinions of young people, so when she declared: "Edward is absolutely the finest boy I have ever known. He is just the sort of fellow that I should love to have Frances marry when she grows up," Durant had taken the boy's character for granted. As for Frances, it would have been hard for her to tell just what she did think of Edward Pinckney.

She was a baby when he first came to the house, so she could not remember the time when she did not know him. At first she had looked on him as sort of a big brother. Pinckney himself had been the one to undeceive her on this point. Even as a boy he had outlined his plan in life. His future was too obvious for him not to see the plain and easy way. He would enter the steel works, apply himself to business, earn the commendation and then the respect and confidence of his employer and so finally pave the way for marrying Frances and inheriting the business through her.

To the scheming boy this seemed a simple plan, especially as he had so easily and quickly won Mrs. Durant over to his side. Frances he did not look on as a serious obstacle, for he was shrewd enough to know that with his splendid start and opportunity for working on her sympathies he had everything in his favor. The big brother attitude he knew was fatal. She must not look on him in that light. He must be the confidant, the friend, the guide, but not the big brother in any sense. This attitude he had carefully established while she was yet a child. He was always ready to go to any lengths to please her, and at first, with the trustfulness of a young girl, she took everything he did at its face value. Her mother, too, worked perhaps unconsciously in Pinckney's favor. She made Frances believe that everything Edward did was right and spoke of the time when he should manage the Durant steel works as a matter of course. Frances from her father had inherited a strong mechanical bent, so there was that additional bond of sympathy between them.

So matters had drifted along through her school days and Pinckney's college course until, when he came back from college to take up his life's work in the steel plant, the train was all laid and the odds were 100 to 1 in favor of the scheme coming off victorious, and trying the daughter of his benefactor and settling down as the right hand man of the steel magnate and the ultimate owner of the great plant.

Frances was barely fourteen when he entered the works, and he at once began to make her confidant of his plans and aspirations for the good of her father's business. The eagerness and enthusiasm of the young man quite won the heart of the steel magnate's daughter.

"Edward is a wonder," he was accustomed to say. "Never saw such a hard worker. I thought I was a hustler, but that boy will sooner or later be showing me tricks."

How little the millionaire realized the truth of what he was saying so proudly! Such energy and enthusiasm as Pinckney displayed must have brought his advancement in any business, and when his benefactor was also his chief and he lived in the house success was necessarily rapid. In three years he had worked up from a place in the draughting room to the post of manager. In each new position he made good, and Durant more than ever congratulated himself on his foresight in taking up the orphan son of his friend.

But Pinckney's love affair had not progressed so rapidly. Frances was glad of his success, but somehow she had ceased to be so interested in the man as she had been when a girl. By the time she was seventeen all the glamour had worn off. Instead of taking him in a sentimental way she had begun in her own mind to look on him as a sort of big brother. Pinckney did not know this. He felt that he was not coming ahead as fast as he had hoped, but he felt that there was time, especially as his hold on the rest of the family increased daily.

Durant himself now looked forward to the time when his daughter and the protegee whom he had come to regard as a son should decide to marry. He trusted Pinckney more than ever, and he rubbed his hands with satisfaction at the thought that some day both Frances and the Durant works would be well taken care of after he was gone.

Frances realized this and by the time she was nineteen had begun in a vague sort of way to accept the situation. Her friends teased her and then took the attachment for granted. She knew that she did not love Edward, but she did trust him, and she had met no one whom she could care for.

Edward had spoken to her mother and father, and both had agreed that whenever he chose to ask Frances he had their permission.

Then during the summer of Frances' nineteenth year her father went abroad, leaving the entire management of the big plant on Pinckney's hands. This had brought the man and girl closer than ever together, and Pinckney was just debating how soon he should make his attempt when he received notice from the government that the Durant Steel works would have the task of casting a new cannon which a Lieutenant Sommers of the navy had invented and that Lieutenant Sommers had been detailed to stay at the steel plant until the work had been done. There was another gun, the "Rhinstrom gun," in which Pinckney had more than a casual interest, but business demanded that the government work be accepted promptly.

One week after the notice from Washington Lieutenant Sommers appeared, and then Pinckney's troubles really began.

From the moment of their first meeting Frances Durant and Lieutenant Sommers had seemed mutually drawn to each other. To each the other was an entirely new type. Frances had never met a man just like the young naval lieutenant. Up to that time her experience had been with men like Pinckney, who thought apparently only of business and getting ahead, or with young men of the opposite extreme, who went in entirely for society and dissipation of all kinds.

Sommers accordingly came as a new and very refreshing experience. He apparently had all the best qualities of the two kinds of men she had known before. He was young, good looking, brave, and that he had brains was proved by his invention of the Sommers gun, which the government had accepted provisionally and which was to be cast in the Durant steel works. Then, also, to the glamour of

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